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DOGS' RIGHTS (AND OTHERS).

It is a recognized fact that in a crowded

city a dog, especially if it be a back-yard

mongrel instead of a beribboned prize-

winner, has few rights which the multitude

feels bound to respect. It seems, however,

as if the question of somebody else's rights

other than the dog's were concerned in the

case of Daisy, an uptown mongrel whose

and story was printed this morning.

This Daisy was the mother of a pair of

twins, and, according to the published

story, she and her offspring were estab-

lished quietly enough in their own quarters

when, yesterday morning, a big policeman

came into the yard in search of trunks.

Daisy put her own interpretation upon the

intruder's visit, and this happening to

convey the idea that he was after her

twins, she sallied forth to their defense.

Probably she would have lost a fight to the

finish. As it was, the policeman lost a piece

of his trousers, which Daisy carried in tri-

umph into her kennel.

The policeman demanded pecuniary dam-

ages of the dog's owner and failed to re-

cover. Then he went away, presumably

for reinforcements, as he returned later

with a fellow-officer, the pair going directly

to Daisy's kennel. A tragedy followed in

short order. One shot from a police

revolver brought Daisy out of her

home on the jump. A rattling

salvo from two revolvers laid her dead,

with eight bullets in her body, near the

boundary fence between her own yard and

a vacant lot. Her orphan twins, with eyes

not yet opened upon the world, are left to

mourn her abrupt departure.

As before suggested, the rights of the

canine may sometimes be in doubt. But

what of the rights of citizens whose door-

yards are invaded and turned into a

slaughter-pen by policemen clothed at

the exact moment with a dubious

shadow of authority? There is no

evidence to show that Daisy was an

ordinarily savage turn of mind,

or that she ventured at any time on an

attack beyond the limits of her own

yard. Had she really committed a capital

offense in mauling a piece of blue cloth

which covered part of an object exciting

her dire suspicion?

THE OPEN TUNNEL MEETING.

The State Board of Railroad Commis-

sioners has every reason to be gratified that

held yesterday's open meeting for the dis-

cussion of tunnel light and ventila-

tion. While there were, as was to

have been expected, some sugges-

tions of impractical methods and ap-

paratus, there were other suggestions

full of thought and of practical soundness.

New lines of investigation were suggested

and the proposed work was shown to be

one to the accomplishment of which the

banding of much broader theories may be

directed than has been deemed possible.

Besides, the Commissioners can but have

been impressed by the manifestation of

general interest which led people not con-

cerned with any concern that might be

He shot herself with a pistol after trying

poison, hanging, throwing herself under

cars and several other means. The unfor-

tunately young woman was insane, through

heredity. What adds to the sadness of it is

that she was engaged to a young farmer,

and shot herself as the day appointed for

the wedding drew near.

It does not add to the dignity of parlia-

mentary proceedings when two Senators

supplement a contest of brains by recourse

to their fists. This occurred in the Illinois

Legislature. The belligerents whacked

each other, threw mugs and other

things near at hand, and finally apologized

and said they wouldn't do so any more.

The Western law-maker is not a lump of

ice. He feels what he feels.

A bear who was being shipped on a

Buffalo train got out of his cage and im-

mediately entered into undisturbed pos-

session of the car. He lunched extra-

agantly on butter, eggs, fish and other

comestibles, and was smeared all over

when he reached his destination. If there

is a moral it would seem to be that a bear's

cage should be strong.

"How does the little busy bee improve

each shining hour?" A swarm of these

little provokers recently hummed into the

cab of a Pennsylvania Railroad engine and

brought the train to a halt, as the engineer

and the fireman did not feel that the space

was large enough for them and so many

bees. The owner finally coaxed them

home. The bee is a funny insect, if

industrious.

A man engaged by a Buffalo dime museum

for a fifty-day fast gave out on the thirtieth

day and ate all he could get. He broke his

fast on sandwiches and beer, and then de-

veloped a great yearning for beans and ice-

cream. He might be retained by the mu-

seum now as an omnivorous freak, since he

seems a greater success as an eater than as

a faster.

Connecticut is the home of the unusual.

A four-year-old boy is keeping the State's

reputation up to high-water mark by shed-

ding his skin like a snake. His cuticle

drops off in patches, leaving a very tender

new skin. This is a new kind of a "skin

game."

The population of Ireland has decreased

453,677 within the last ten years. Does

England need a more suggestive commen-

tary on her Irish policy?

Accident did in Massachusetts yesterday

what the law doesn't seem able to do in

New York. A railway train killed a mur-

derer within twelve hours after his crime.

The Itata got to Chill all right, leaving a

cold day for the Charleston.

The third party puts up a State ticket

in Iowa.

A dime in time to the Free Doctors Fund.

SPOTLIGHTS.

The loss of a few teeth in a rake may be traced

to different causes according to whether the rake

is the farmer's implement or the man about town.

Spring medicine will not cure the bad humor of a

poor wit.

Next to a hamster, you will have to go to a South

African ostrich farm to see a man go out on a

few.

Love at first sight can be had easier than when the

site is improved.

The days do wake me to the

Of bird notes at the porch of dawn.

The birds are the first to greet the dawn.

As light as velvet, folded dawn.

And in the twinkling of the eye

The summer hours to set in

The doctor smiles to meet again

The picnic and the cucumber.

Exchange.

Isn't it natural that the more people talk about a

thing the less they get at it?

In the run on a bank the sprinters come out

ahead.

Hellie Bliton will not come to have it said about her



A Discouraging Outlook.

There were six men in a row on a bench

in City Hall Park yesterday, each one a

stranger to the other, and all looking mo-

rore at the tide of pedestrianism when a

little, short man, with a good-natured face,

did a very funny thing. He turned in from

the walk, looked the men over, and then

walked down the line and handed each a

piece of sandpaper.

Then he returned to the head and walked

down again and handed each one a match.

On his third trip down the line he handed

each a cigar, and stood back and said:

"Now, then, go in, boys, and take solid

comfort!"

Each and every one supposed they had

been given a piece of sandpaper, and each

minute and a half they were rubbing their

faces with the belief that he was a crank who

was trying to get them. The bootblacks

got the cigars, and the humanitarian might

have got licked if he hadn't moved off.

Just a Little Bill.

As a young man was about to enter the

hallway leading to a dentist's office on

Sixth avenue two men standing there be-

gan to grin and nudge each other. He

noticed their actions and stopped to say:

"Gentlemen, toothache is a dreadful

thing."

"Yes," they replied in a chorus, as their

grins broadened.

"And the only remedy is to have the

tooth pulled."

"Yes," with a chuckle.

"And it takes sand to go through the

performance."

"It does," they chorused, as they

chuckled a little louder.

"I wonder if the dentist is in?"

"He is, sir."

"That's lucky. I am a collector and

have a little bill against him. Never had

toothache in his life."

And as he went whistling up the stairs

the two men looked at each other in disgust

and seemed to have no further interest in

life.

Her Chin Came Down.

There was a well-dressed, "sniffy" sort

of a girl at a soda fountain in Fourteenth

street, and when a would-be customer at-

tended on one of the stools and asked her if

it was real, genuine soda-water, free from

all deleterious substances, she tossed her

head, elevated her chin and asked him

in reply if he hadn't made a

mistake in thinking he had struck

a saloon. He pondered over it awhile

and then, for a moment, he looked at her

the purposely delayed his order to revenge

on him, but he was patient and bided his

time and got it. He had about emptied

the glass when there came a rush, and he

raised his voice and said:

"No wonder you refused to warrant this

soda-water the real stuff!"

"What's the matter, sir?" she snapped.

"Nothing but this!"

And he lifted his glass and emptied out

on the marble counter a shingle-nail, a

peach-stone, a shirt-button, a vest-buckle

and a big carpet tack, and went out leav-

ing them in a little heap before her eyes.

The Newboy's Banker.

I found "Fatty," the newboy, on the

shade side of the Pulitzer Building yester-

day, looking over his account book with

the boys, and after I had offered to stand

treat for the milk-shakes, and thereby con-

vinced him that my motives were entirely

honorable, he let me copy off the items as

they stood. Here is the account of money

loaned and now due:

Kid.....1 cent

Lamp.....2 cents

Red-head.....1 cent

Parson.....8 cents

Similar.....1 cent

Jersey.....2 cents

Dago.....2 cents

Delish.....1 cent

Guy.....1 cent

Skipped.....22 cents

Total.....36

"What do you mean by 'skipped'?" I

asked, as I returned the book.

"It was Jimmy with the front tooth

gone," he replied. "He was my private

secretary and he collected in that much last

week and forgot to come back. They say

he's in Philadelphia, and I'll run down some

day and drop in on him."

"Do you lose much from the boys?"

"Only when a feller skips like that."

"Suppose a boy doesn't pay?"

"Suppose what?" he exclaimed. "I'll

show what would happen! Here, you, Guy—

come here!"

The debtor who was down on the books

by that name for a cent came running up,

and Fatty said:

"You owe me a cent."

"Yes."

"It's due to-morrow."

"Yes."

"If you don't pay what'll I do